

All I Want by alltoowheeler

Category: Stranger Things (TV 2016)

Genre: Byeler - Freeform, M/M, both!, fluff? angst? who knows, mutual love and support, time skips and parallels are my favorite shit so here's a ton of them, warning: hugs

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Summary:

three byeler hugs (all i want- kodaline)

All I Want

August 1976

“Will, look at me!” Mike cried, clinging to a tree branch.

“Woah!” Will said, standing on a rock about five feet below him. “Lemme try!” He jumped down and scrambled up the tree, grabbing at branches. Soon he was even higher than Mike.

“That’s not fair,” Mike pouted. Will was always better at climbing than him, better at everything, actually. He could draw stick figures and always won hide-and-seek.

Mike looked back up at Will, who was several feet higher now. “Will?”

“What?” Will poked his head out from behind the leaves.

“Maybe you should come down—” As Mike’s words left his mouth, Will grabbed onto a small branch which promptly broke under his little hand. His foot slipped and he shrieked, falling to the ground.

“Will!” Mike yelled, climbing down the tree as fast as he could.

“Mike!” Will cried below him.

“I’m coming—” Mike jumped the last couple of feet to the ground and ran over to where Will sat, holding out his scraped and bleeding hands. “My knee too,” Will wailed. The knee of his jeans was ripped and bloody.

“It’s okay,” Mike said, kneeling down and putting his arms around Will. “Your mom will know what to do.”

Will sniffled and wiped his nose on his sleeve. “Am I gonna be okay?”

“Yeah, she’ll make you better.” Mike hugged him tighter. They sat under the tree until Will’s sobs subsided. Mike helped him up and put an arm around his shoulder, and the late afternoon sun broke through the leaves as they walked slowly back through the woods to

the Byers' house.

March 1981

Joyce put down the phone. "Honey, the Wheelers' dog died yesterday."

"Daisy?" Will cried. The Wheelers had had Daisy, a quiet golden retriever, for as long as he could remember.

"Yes," she said, sitting down next to him at the breakfast table. "Do you want to write Mike a letter or something?"

"Can I go see him?" Will asked.

"Well, he might want some space..." Will frowned. "Let me call Karen back, okay?" she said. She got up and dialed again. Will stirred his cereal and swung his legs under the table. When they were little, Mike had called Daisy his other sister, and would tell Nancy that Daisy was his favorite when he was mad at her.

"She says it's fine. But hurry, okay?" Joyce said. "I don't like you biking around by yourself."

"Okay bye, Mom!" Will said, already up and grabbing his coat. He ran out the door and hopped on his bike, pedaling towards the Wheelers'.

He pulled up to the door and knocked. Mike opened the door. "Hi, Will." His eyes were red.

"Hi." Will said quietly. "Sorry about Daisy."

"It's okay," Mike muttered. "You wanna come in?"

Will followed him inside. No one else was around. They went down to the basement where Mike flopped down on the couch.

"Are you having... a funeral, or anything?" Will asked.

"I dunno." Mike said, kicking a toy car that lay on the floor.

Will sat down next to him. "Do you wanna talk?"

Mike glanced at him. "Not really." He sniffed. "Thanks, though."

Will tapped his fingers on his leg for a moment, then put his arm cautiously around Mike's shoulders. Mike leaned into him and Will's heart jumped.

Mike's tears dropped onto Will's shirt. His hair smelled like pine trees. Will tried to calm his racing heartbeat, tracing circles on his jeans with his finger.

"I'm gonna miss her too," he said.

Mike nodded, his curls brushing against Will's neck.

Will had lost track of how long they had stayed there when Mike lifted his head. "...Thanks, Will."

"Yeah," said Will. "Um, I should probably go." He pulled his arm back from around Mike and stood up. "Sorry again."

"Bye," Mike said as Will jogged up the stairs, suddenly overwhelmed. He ran out the door and jumped onto his bike, pedaling as fast as he could.

After a few minutes he slowed down and took a deep breath of the cold air, just turning from winter to spring. He thought of the feeling of Mike's head on his shoulder and smiled.

November 1983

Mike stopped his bike in the Byers' driveway and walked up to the door. He knocked and heard Chester's muffled bark, then footsteps. Jonathan cracked the door open. "Oh, hey, Mike," he said, opening it wider. "Um, come on in."

Mike stepped inside. "It's a little messy, sorry," said Jonathan. It had

only been a few weeks since the Upside Down, and the house still showed signs of monster-hunting damage. The darkened Christmas lights and painted alphabet were still on the wall. One of the lights suddenly flickered. Mike stared.

“You okay?” asked Jonathan.

“Um, yeah,” Mike said, looking back at him. “Is Will here?”

“Yeah, he’s in his room.”

“Thanks,” Mike muttered, heading down the hall. He knocked softly and opened the door.

Will was sitting on his bed, staring out the window. He felt sick.

“Hi, Will.”

Will turned around. Mike stood in the doorway, looking uncertain.

“Hi.”

Mike came inside and walked around the bed to Will. “How have you been?”

“Okay, I guess.” He picked at a piece of fuzz on his sleeve.

Mike sat down next to him. “...This is kind of stupid, isn’t it? Just acting like everything’s normal.”

“Yeah,” Will said. “Nothing from... her?” He still knew so little about the girl who had saved his friends, who had saved everyone, really.

“No... just now, I thought I saw... probably nothing,” he said.

They sat in silence for a few minutes. Mike tapped his foot on the floor.

“What was it like... there?” he asked.

Will smiled bitterly. He had known it would come up eventually. He

looked up at Mike and was startled by his expression; he looked different than everyone else who had asked, almost as if he already understood without even being told.

“I drew a picture, actually.” Will got up and went to his desk, Mike following. He pulled a sheet of paper out of a drawer and laid it on the desk. It gave him chills to look at. He had used up several pencils to make it dark enough, with erased spots for the floating particles that had made it so hard to breathe. He could barely breathe now, Mike stood so close to him.

“Wow,” Mike said, staring at the drawing. It was clearly the inside of Castle Byers, but darker than he had ever seen it, and covered in webby moss of some kind. White spots floated eerily throughout the drawing. He remembered what they had heard Will say over the supercom: “It’s like home, but so dark, and cold.” He shivered.

“...It’s really good, Will,” he said.

“Thanks,” said Will, staring at his shoes.

“Hey, are you okay?” Mike asked, putting a hand on Will’s shoulder. Will jumped.

“Yeah, I’m fine.”

“Will.”

Will looked up and met Mike’s eyes, his own filled with tears. “I’m sorry.”

“About what?”

“Eleven.”

“You don’t have to be sorry, you didn’t do anything,” Mike said, trying to ignore the punch to the gut he had felt at Eleven’s name. Will wiped his eyes. “Will, did you hear me? You didn’t do anything. It wasn’t your fault.”

“It wasn’t your fault,” Mike repeated. Will shook his head. He should have done something. He didn’t know what, but there had to have been something. She shouldn’t have had to die.

“Will.”

Suddenly Will felt warm arms around his shoulders as Mike pulled him into a hug. He stiffened, heart pounding, then carefully put his arms around Mike. He was sure Mike could hear his heart beating. It threatened to push a hole straight through his chest.

Mike nestled his head against Will’s. He felt the smaller boy trembling against him and hugged him tighter, remembering when the body was pulled out of the quarry, when he thought he would never see Will again. A tear slipped down his cheek.

Will slowly relaxed and tucked his face against Mike’s neck. Mike’s familiar pine smell surrounded him and his hair tickled Will’s forehead. Mike was warm, warmer than Will had ever been since before the Upside Down.

Mike didn’t care if he never left. He could have stayed in Will’s arms for hours.

Will wished they could stay like this forever.